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SONG OF HERE AND NOW.

Ah, let us rest beneath the trees,
  Nor seek with an adventurous prow
The magic isles of distant seas,
  But sing the Songs of Here and Now.
The world has long been sailed around,
And El Dorado's still unfound.

The quest is vain on many seas
For apples of Hesperides;
And in no land of woods and flowers
Doth Norumbega lift its towers;
And in the sunset-mantled west
There are no Islands of the Blest.
But there is magic in the near,
  And beauty blooms on every bough;
And there are Hesper islands here,
  And there are El Dorados now.

The seas are wide the swift ships plow,
  And long is the Platonic year;
But all the best of time is now,
  And all the best of space is here.
A trace of Eden still must be
Where blooms a rose or grows a tree;
And Paphian glories wander by
The man who gazes on the sky;

The Realms of Peace, the Seats of Rest,
Are not in islands of the west;
The golden age that knew no tears
Is not within the vanished years;
Not far the Golden Age, but near;
  Fate's fruit is on the nearest bough—
So sing the Songs of Now and Hear,
  The brave, glad songs of Here and Now.

—Sam Walter Foss.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

O God of little birds,
Who breathed into our wings to make us light,
And painted them with colors of his sky,
Our thanks for this fair day, for meat and drink,
Sweet sky-born water caught in cups of stone,
Sweet hedgerow berries washed of dust with dew.
—From Rostand's Chantecleer.

WITHOUT THE TEMPLE.

An Oakland mother, whose children had procured tickets to the Orpheum, went with them recently to one of the performances. Her remark afterward was: "I felt that I had profaned my soul." This brings to mind the words of a university student, not long ago, who has sometimes gone there with his college chums, "I don't like to go to the Orpheum." The words fell from his lips with the silent but plain suggestion that he always got something there that was quite other than elevating—something which left a stain somewhere.

But, not a few of "our best people" go to the Orpheum, says some reader of these lines, at this juncture. Very true! But can any one who has ever been there to any great extent deny that there is almost without exception a great deal that is lowering in its trend. And can any one go and look on and hear and not insensibly, if not otherwise, have the finer sentiments and aspirations of the soul gradually blunted? There is there so much that is coarse and vulgar and sensual. When to this is added that which is actually lascivious, as is not infrequently the case, the Orpheum as a proper source of amusement or culture must be seriously questioned.

It is not at all surprising that this Oakland woman, one of refined nature and with high ideals, felt that in going she had profaned her soul. Yes, the Orpheum is **without** the temple of the higher things, and this notwithstanding the fact that some of our friends—your friends and my friends—frequent it.

It might be well for those who do enjoy it to ask themselves, if there was not a time in their lives when they would have felt as the university student felt, or would have expressed themselves as this woman has expressed herself. And if so, whether they were not at that time a little closer to that which ought to be than at any other time in their lives.

We are profoundly of the opinion that the Orpheum does exert a baneful influence on the boys and girls who flock to it in great numbers. There is so much in the performances that is lowering to their ideals of manhood and womanhood. It jars their finer sentiments at first, but it ceases at length to do that, and they take on its characteristcs and later, having become a part of their lives, their nature, so to speak, they put it into practice. So, we find home life and married life and all life lived on low levels.

That there is much in the theater that is elevating is gratifying; and it is with pleasure that we turn from these thoughts concerning the Orpheum to notice briefly one or two of the newest plays that are **within** the temple—not unholy, but holy in all their presentations and suggestions.

First, there is Maeterlinck's new play, "The Blue Bird." It has not reached the Pacific Coast yet. But all good things get here in time. It has been given in New York and other Eastern cities and fifty-two companies are already playing it in Russia. It is a fairy tale in which Maeterlinck means to show that we all are children wandering about, surrounded by secrets we do not guess, by powers for good or evil which we do not see, seeking a happiness which we believe is always just a little way ahead of us.

"The Blue Bird" sets forth the adventures of the two children of an humble wood-cutter. They go out in search of a blue bird which a fairy wants for a little girl who is ill. They find and catch many birds that looked blue before they caught them but which turn black in their hands. Finally, right in their own home the blue bird is found. Tyltyl, the little boy, looks into the cage in which is his own little bird—a bird the sick girl next door had loved and wanted, but which he had not been willing to give her. But now he concludes he will give it to her. And behold, as he looks, the bird is blue. And the little boy exclaims: "Why, that's the blue bird we were looking for; we went so far, and he was here all the time. Oh, but it's wonderful.

No sooner is the little bird in the possession of the sick girl than she is well—and that seems wonderful, too.

What matter that in the midst of their happiness and rejoicing, the blue bird struggles out of their hands and flies away. "Never mind; don't cry, I will catch him again," says the boy to the little neighbor girl. For a little while all had tasted happiness, and had learned the way in which it could be found again!

Another of the new plays that is attracting considerable attention, is Rostand's "Chantecleer." When this symbolic drama received its American premiere in the Knickerbocker theatre in New York City the latter part of January, with Maud Adams in the title role, every seat was taken and the demand has been such for seats right along that it is thought the eight week's engagement will be extended. Chantecleer, the barnyard cock, stands for the idealist in an age when ideals seem to be out of fashion; he is the believer who survives the destruction of his beliefs—a dreamer triumphant through the power of work and service.

Believing that the sun would not rise if it were not for his crowing, he is disillusionized finally—a pheasant hen leading him out into the forest, where, hearing the enchanting song of a nightingale and witnessing anon its tragic death, he so forgets himself that the dawn is ushered in without his crowing. Recovering at length from his

anguish, Chantecleer says defiantly to the hen that he not only makes the dawn appear but that he does more than that.

"On gray mornings when poor creatures waking in the twilight dare not believe in the day, the bright copper of my song takes the place of the sun." And turning to leave the forest, he exclaims, "Back to our work!!"

When the hen asks, "But how find courage to work after doubting of the work's value?" he replies, "Buckle down to your work!" And when the pheasant hen interposes with: "But if you have nothing whatever to do with making the morning?" Chantecleer answers: "Then I am just the cock of a remoter sun! My cries so affect the night that it lets certain beams of the day pierce through its black tent, and those are what we call the stars. I shall not live to see shining upon the steeple that final total light composed of stars clustered in unbroken mass; but if I sing faithfully and sonorously; and if long after me and long after that, in every farmyard its cock sings faithfully, sonorously, I truly believe there will be no more night."

When next the hen says, "Go, go, and forget our forest!" Chantecleer says: "No, I shall never forget the noble green forest where I learned that he who has witnessed the death of his dream must either die at once or else arise stronger than before."

Tragic is the end of the pheasant hen who loved Chantecleer, some interpreters say, in a selfish way. When at length, with a leap toward him she exclaims, "Take me with you!" and Chantecleer asks, "Will you consent to stand second to the dawn?" her "Never" is followed by his, "Then, farewell," and this by her exclamation, "I hate you!" Already some distance away in the brush Chantecleer sends back the words: "I love you, but I should poorly serve the work to which I devote myself anew at the side of one to whom it were less than the greatest thing in the world."

Scarcely has the hen exclaimed: "Oh may he perish for having disdained me!" when a hunter with his gun appears. Seeking to fly toward the danger so as to attract attention away from Chantecleer, she is caught in a forgotten snare. As she lies under the trap her words are: "Dawn, touch the cartridge with your dewy wing. Trip the foot of the hunter in a tangle of grass. He is your cock. He drove off the darkness and the shadow of the hawk! and he is going to die. Nightingale, you say something! Speak!" And after the nightingale has said sobbingly, "He fought for a friend of mine, the rose," the hen continues her supplications: "Let him live! And I will dwell in the farmyard beside the plowshare and the hoe! And relinquishing all that in my pride I made a burden and torment to him, I will own, O sun, that when you made his shadow you marked out my place in the world."

Chantecleer escapes the hunter's gun, but it is not given to the suppliant hen to escape from the trap; and with spreading wing and panting breath, held down by the snare, she awaits in resignation her end.

Writing concerning this symbolic drama, Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn says in the Book News Monthly: "Chantecleer, honest, courageous, chivalrous, but subject to moments of weakness or depression, represents the aspiration for social service. The obstacles, the snares and the pitfalls are represented by divers birds and animals. The hen-pheasant is the "ewig weibliche," the amorous woman jealous of the absorption of man in his mission. The blackbird is the mocking skeptic. The peacock is the intellectual fop, the literary "poseur" who mistakes the shadow for the substance. The guinea-hen is the incorrigible tuft-hunter, the absurd, cringing slave of the snobbishness that paralyzes energy. The birds of the night are the plunderers, the exploiters, who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. The toads are the envious, the covetous. Chantecleer's sole allies in his struggle to make good prevail are the dog, true as gold by nature, and the nightingale, who is grateful to him for defending her friend the rose, and who has a mission to perform that is very much akin to his own. Chantecleer wins out in the end. Hard experience teaches him that it is not his voice which causes the sun to rise, but in spite of the cruel disillusion, he still finds plenty of reasons for living. His mission is a less glorious one than he had fondly fancied, but he has a mission all the same; and to this modest emprise he will devote all his energy for the rest of his life.

Interest in this drama centers in the main around chantecleer and the pheasant hen. There are, as we have already stated, those who hold the opinion that the hen was a selfish, jealous little creature—representing the selfish woman who would have man absorbed in her to the neglect of his work. But it must be noted that chantecleer was clinging to a delusion—and this, the pheasant hen knew. And if, perchance, she erred in the course taken to bring him away from it, she was lofty in her devotion at the end, endangering and actually giving her life to protect him.

And this discloses, it would seem, better than anything else, what the pheasant-hen was in innermost characteristics and qualities.

But to revert to the drama in general: It has great lessons embedded in it. And we refer to it, as well as to "The Blue Bird" in this connection, simply in way of contrast with the poor stuff that is put forth so often at the Orpheum. The theater is here in the world to stay. It should be made as much as is possible an uplifting agency.

MANY SERMONS CONSECUTIVELY ON THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson of the North Berkeley Congregational Church has been preaching consecutively now for thirty-seven Sundays on the Gospel of St. John, and expects to continue thereon for some time. The last five Sundays his texts were taken from the 10th chapter, and the scripture readings were from the same chapter.

There is in the Gospel of John a great mine of wealth for the Bible student and preacher. It has been aptly said concerning it: "The book is redolent of the spirit of Christ. It is one of the profoundest works known to men, yet it charms the humblest minds. It is the choicest book for devotional reading which the New Testament contains, the theologian will never get to the bottom of it. A thorough acquaintance with this gospel is a liberal education in the things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health. To fill one's mind with its language and one's heart with its spirit is to insure a noble and effective life."

Bishop Ryle of the Church of England, who wrote and published nearly half a century ago expository thoughts on this and the other gospels, regarded the Gospel of John, rightly interpreted, as "the best and simplest answer to those who profess to admire a vague and indistinct Christianity." He said in his preface to that work: "It contains a large portion of our Lord Jesus Christ's doc-

trinal teaching. It abounds in 'deep things of God,' and 'sayings of the King,' which we feel instinctively we have no line to fully fathom, no mind to fully comprehend, no words to fully explain. I can truly say that I have commented on many a verse in this gospel with fear and trembling, and have often said to myself, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' "

The earliest translation of any book of the Bible into Anglo-Saxon was that of the Gospel of John by the venerable Bede, in a monastery on the banks of the Tyne, away back in the year 735. In the closing hour of his life the aged monk and his scribe were at work on the last chapter. As they came to this chapter the amanuensis said, "There remains now only one chapter, but it seems difficult for you to speak." "It is easy," replied Bede. "Take your pen, dip it in ink and write as fast as you can. Putting down the sentences as they fell from the trembling lips of the dying monk, finally the scribe said, "Now, master, only one sentence is wanting." Bede repeating it, the scribe said, "It is finished." "It is finished!" replied Bede. "Lift up my head; let me sit in my cell in the place where I have been accustomed to pray." And with the words, "Glory be to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost," his spirit took its flight to the God who had given it.

SOME SENSIBLE REMARKS FROM HAWAII AND EDITORIAL COMMENT THEREON.

The Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, pastor of the Central Union Church, Honolulu, quotes Dr. J. H. De Forest, whom Japanese have called the most influential foreigner in Japan as saying: We, the United States are losing the best and strongest friendship we ever had from any nation, by our cursed craze over battleships with which to meet Japan."

Dr. Scudder's comment in the columns of The Friend is: "Nothing in the history of America is so inexplicable, unreasonable and at variance with all the canons of statesmanship as the silly vaporings of a section of our press and people over a possible conflict with our nearest western neighbor. The devotion of Japan to America has been one of the great international passions of history. To deepen this and make it lasting, both for the good of each party and for the peace of the entire world, is the simplest dictate of common sense. The San Francisco incident afforded the crowning opportunity to achieve this and to bind the two nations by the closest of ties. Colonel Roosevelt, then President, was keen-eyed enough to see the golden chance when he threatened to recommend that Congress place the Japanese on the same footing with Europeans as to naturalization. But he lacked courage. If he had made the recommendation and had carried the country with him he would have won an undying name on two continents. Ever since that unfortunate situation war talk has been sedulously fomented by those most interested in stirring up trouble and every few months some new scare is invented to deepen the subconscious suggestion that a conflict is inevitable. We do not believe there ever will be war between the two nations. Such a conflict would be a crime against humanity. Japan certainly will never provoke it."

Dr. Scudder is of the opinion that the time has come for the American friends of Japan to begin the work of creating a public opinion which shall demand for Japanese the same privileges of naturalization that are accorded Europeans. He says as to this:

"Those who know the Japanese do not need to be told that they will make as good citizens as Italians, French or any other non-English-speaking people. A favorite declaration of Japophobes is that the patriotism of these neighbors of ours is so intense that no one of them will ever consent to abjure his oriental citizenship to claim ours. If this is true by all means extend to him the right to be naturalized, because with no risk this courtesy will bind Japan to us in friendship as nothing else could do. If it is not true, let us welcome Japanese to our citizenship because every one of them who becomes a naturalized American will constitute a uniting bond between the two nations. The peace societies of America could do no greater service to their cause than to take up the slogan, 'Extend to Japanese the privilege of naturalization,' and to push the campaign actively throughout the Union until Congress complies with the demand."

Dr. Scudder makes herein a brotherly suggestion. But if he were living in California he would expect to see things much farther along toward the millennium before looking for the upbuilding here of much of a sentiment for the naturalization of the Japanese.

The latest move on the part of our fiery Japophobes is to get through the legislature a measure prohibiting the holding of real estate by aliens. Though not aimed directly at the Japanese, it is inspired more by fear of them as land holders than any other nationality.

There are of course some good reasons for such a law of general application. But how anyone with any spark of justice in his make-up can favor that part of it which would take away from Japanese ownership at death the land now held by them we are unable to see. A Japanese owning real estate here now should be left free to transfer the same to whomsoever he may wish—by inheritance or otherwise.

The action of not a few of our people with respect to the Japanese constantly suggests the words, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

On the 28th of January an associated press dispatch from Washington appeared in Eastern papers in which was the following concerning the treaty soon to be negotiated with Japan:

"The President last November, just before Congress met, invited Hiram Johnson, the governor-elect of California, to the White House, and there laid bare to him the program with regard to the treaty. He impressed Governor Johnson with his viey that the time had come to satisfy Japan that our feeling toward her was wholly friendly, and that we could play a magnanimous part in the controversy over immigration, which was continually breeding rumors of war; and drawing the minds of both peoples so habitually to the thought of war would probably bring upon us the real thing. Mr. Taft put the governor under a promise to go home and keep his State quiet until the treaty could be ratified. He said that if the newspapers and mass meetings broke out against Japan in any way it would cause such opposition that San Francisco would never get the Exposition. Governor Johnson gave the promise, and has kept it thus far."

But, in that connection, Congressman Hayes is reported as having said that with the Exposition question once settled, a yell of protest might be expected almost any time.

It is to be hoped that the hot-spurs will behave them-

selves and omit that howl; and so, not disgrace California before the whole world.

There is no immediate danger of the over-running of the State by the Japanese. And President Taft and his helpers at Washington are a little more capable of looking after the national interests than are our vociferous agitators.

THE BERKELEY MOVEMENT FOR GIVING RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION TO PUPILS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

This movement is already attracting considerable attention elsewhere, and the plan is likely to be adopted in other places at an early date. Soon after mention of the plan was made in The Pacific the Rev. Geo. F. Haerle, pastor of the Congregational church at Santa Rosa, wrote:

"Our church committee passed a resolution at its last session to confer with the ministerial union of this city in regard to the splendid idea expressed in a recent publication of The Pacific, January 25th, 'A Unique Proposition. Could you send us six copies for distribution among members of the union? Having received the copies I shall at once call a special meeting for the definite purpose as stated above."

The Rev. Dr. Beard, of Fargo, North Dakota, said in a postscript to a personal letter to the Editor: "I am tremendously interested in your new effort in Berkeley to provide the children in the public schools with adequate religious education."

Superintendant Bunker of the Berkeley schools has been invited to speak concerning the plan before several different church organizations in the cities in this vicinity.

Several of the churches in Berkeley have by vote expressed themselves as willing to undertake the work.

The plan does not make it obligatory on any pupil to attend. But all who do not repair to the churches for that instruction will be expected to be at their usual places in the school rooms at that time.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction having been consulted by Superintendent Bunker as to the legality of such an arrangement for religious instruction wrote him as follows:

"I see no objection to the course you propose, either legally or morally or in any other way. If you want a formal official opinion, I shall write it for you any time you need it. The only objection from the side of the school, which I can see, relates to the time which will thereby be taken from the usual work of the same. I am confident that the results in character, in seriousness of purpose, honor and attitude toward work would more than compensate. If this were not so, then there is nothing in religious instruction, and the churches would better close their doors."

Superintendent Bunker, in explaining the plan in an address before the Brotherhood of the First Congregational church of Alameda, said:

"The only objection which society at large could raise to this plan would be the fear that this division of the school into groups would introduce sectarian opposition, rivalries and jealousies to the detriment of the Nation. This might be the result were we considering some European nation, where sectarian feeling runs high, and indeed it might have had this result in our country a few generations ago, but I would not fear it now, for in this country such organizations have gone beyond doctrinal differences which in the past caused so much bitterness.

"There remains to be considered the objections which would be raised by the church itself. These would relate only to the differences involved in carrying the plan into execution.

"The chief of these would be in securing a sufficient force of well-equipped workers, whose services could be commanded during the time set apart. Each organization would have to adjust its machinery to the new demand in its own way, but I believe this can be done. At any rate, it would seem that if a considerable demand of this character developed, the church ought to be resourceful enough to heed it.

"Were the school's influence, which is now passive with respect to the church, actively exerted in support of the same according to some such plan as this, I am confident that the attendance in such organizations as a Sunday-school would be increased."

Of course there are already objections to this movement. One resident of Berkeley declares that he will fight it clear up to the supreme court.

THE MOST SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

The Rev. Dr. Patchell, of San Jose, has been giving in his pulpit, that of the First Congregational church, a series of sermons on "The Psychology of Jesus."

In a recent sermon Dr. Patchell said: " Jesus Christ, accepted as the interpretation of the universe, is the sanest, most adequate interpretation we have. Accepted as the Incarnation, i. e., as the Son of Man and the Son of God, He leaves us with fewer unsolvable intellectual problems than any other explanation."

Continuing in that connection, he said:

"I make challenge that Jesus Christ—I mean the Incarnation by the double term—is the most rational explanation of the universe.

"Which means that if you will state the universe—or if Buddha, or President Jordan, or Mahomet, or Mrs. Eddy, or Confucius, or Bernard Shaw, or if any of these or anyone else will state the universe—his statement or interpretation will carry more unsolvable intellectual problems than does Jesus Christ, accepted as the Son of Man and the Son of God.

"Jesus Christ leaves us with unsolvable intellectual problems, but Ernest Haeckel leaves us a larger number by far."

Dr. Patchell has long made the life of Christ a special study, and he seeks to lead others to such a study, believing that he is "the way, the truth, the life.

In a consideration recently of the "why" in the actions of Jesus, Dr. Patchell remarked: "However humbly and reverently I may do this work, I am bound to fail in my answer. I cannot tell why Jesus did things. I can try to determine His reason, but when I have done my very best I am still in the position of a child dealing with his teacher. My analysis of the 'why' of Jesus must be unsatisfactory and inadequate. All the time I am explaining Him I feel my helplessness, for the more I explain, the greater He becomes."

HEAVEN EVERYWHERE.

In Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" little Tyltyl goes to some far off heavenly place to learn that love abides with him at home. There he meets Mother Love. He says he wishes

to stay with her always, where she looks so beautiful to him. She answers:

But it's just the same thing; I am down below, we are all down below. . . . You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once and for all, how to see me when you see me down below. . . . Do you understand, Tyltyl, dear? . . . You believe yourself in Heaven; but Heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other. . . . There are not two mothers; and you have no other. . . . Every child has only one; and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and know how to look.

RAIN-THOUGHTS.

W. N. Burr.

I do not wonder that "the weather" is a common topic of conversation the world over, there is so much of it everywhere. High or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, men are all familiar with this theme. It is humanity's common denominator, the plane of universal comradeship. I was reading a sermon the other day, and came upon this reference to the writings of the Apostle Paul: "Repeatedly through his letters one is caught by the cosmic sweep of his thought," and some imp of the mental realm thrust his head from behind the curtain and squeaked in impish fashion, "When was old Deacon Saintsbury ever 'caught by the cosmic sweep of Paul's thought, or Aunt Jane Homebody? That word 'cosmic' would put them to sleep in church any day, and they are of the salt of the earth, too, both of them." One must be careful what he talks about, and how he talks about it, when he stands before a congregation, for he may go aviating right in church, away over the heads of some of the very best people there. "Cosmic" has never found much of a place in the vocabulary of some folks, and it has a sort of grandiloquent sound, anyway; and if there is anything that good, honest, plain people despise it is grandiloquence—though they may not know it by just that name. But when the academic words are pretty well eliminated and one just talks plain "weather" talk, as simply and as informally as men talk about rain and sunshine, then everybody's mind and heart stands open, and eyelids forget to grow heavy.

The weather in these parts has been about all of one kind lately, decidedly wet. As I write January has his trunks all packed and is about to go on a long journey of a year's length; but he leaves us well soaked. Much of the time for nearly two weeks he has hidden the sun behind his clouds, and bidden the clouds to shower their blessings upon the earth. And right welcome it has been, every drop of this blessed January rain. Everything in the outdoor world has seemed to stand with its mouth wide open to receive the copious outpourings of the January clouds. All Nature has had "some heart put into it." And we sheltered humans, who have somehow been led to think that we do not belong out-of-doors, have **looked** out through our windows and caught the heart-of-hope infection that is making glad the hearts of the people of the plant-world. I wonder if we really need to live the sheltered life as much as we think we do. Some day, perhaps, there will be a "Humane Society" that will be driving us out of doors, even out into the rain, impelled by the spirit of kindness. Just now the Humane Societies are working at the extreme other end of the line. Down in Pasadena they found a goat out in the rain the other day and they made a fuss abut it.

Last night the regular rain program was varied a bit by a few sharp flashes of lightning and cracklings of thunder-storm compared with the "back-east" variety—they can get up some things on a bigger scale back there than we can in California. But it was a vivid reminder of old-time experiences; and later, in Dream-land, we came upon Walpurgis-Night, and heard Mephistopheles screaming to Faust:

"Clasp thou the cliff's old ribs! Cling to the boulders!
Else will it hurl thee headlong into the deep abyss!
The night is thick with rack.
Hark! how the groaning woods do crack!
Startled flutters up the solemn
Owl, and splinters column on column
In the evergreen halls, and ever
The branches crackle and shiver,
The stems make a mighty moaning,
The roots are gaping and groaning,
And all crash down in a hideous tangle
One on another, and choke and strangle
With their wrack the wild abysses,
And through them howls and hisses
The storm-wind."

If one, sick of pretence, longing for reality, will read "Faust" on a stormy night when the rain comes down, and the wind moans around the corners of the house, and thunder and lightning growl and flash in the upper air, and then "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him" will lie down to such dreams as may come along, he will probably, before morning, come upon something that he will afterward rejoice to know was **not** real at all.

The other day I picked up a rain-sermon when not a drop of rain was falling from the clouds. It had been pouring down most vigorously through the night, but had stopped to take breath and get ready for another run. I happened to get myself fairly under a pepper-tree when that tree suddenly took it into its head to get up a shower of its own.

"You didn't accomplish much that time, Mr. Pepper-tree," I said, as I turned and faced the impertinent specimen of arboreal ornamentation, "imitators never do. You cannot compete with the clouds in the rain business any more than a tallow dip can compete with the sun in the business of lighting and heating. Shame on you for an imitator, anyway. Why could you not be satisfied just to fulfil your mission as a tree—that is all you are, and all you ever will be; and it is enough. A tree is an important factor in the economy of Nature, even though it is rooted in common soil instead of flying high as do the rain-clouds. Be yourself, Pepper-tree, be yourself. Don't be making the mistake that Tom Flanders is making who is such an admirer of a certain ex-President that the neighbors say he practices the Roosevelt grin every night before a looking-glass. And Deacon Potter—every man, woman child in Chicopee township knows that it is the regret of his life that he was not born the exact counterpart of the great Charles G. Finney, and that he is trying to make up for it by imitating that worthy thunderbolt of a man in every possible particular. Now, Tom Flanders will never be able to copy the Roosevelt grin; he was made with a mouth of quite another type; and Deacon Potter can never make a second Finney of himself if he tries from now till the end of time. Imitators always spoil what they were made for, and they never accomplish what somebody else was put into this world to do. There is only one Mr. Doo-

ley, though there are plenty of inferior writers who try to imitate his particular kind of smartness. The imitation article always compares with the genuine to about the same degree that ordinary restaurant soup compares with the kind that mother used to make. It is not a good thing for a young Christian to try to imitate some favorite saint, nor for a church to try to 'get up a revival' exactly after the pattern of the Welsh revival or the awakening in Korea. We are all of us 'members in particualr,' Mr. Pepper-tree, each with a way, and a life, and a mission of his own, and you would better be satisfied with the blessed task of making yourself do the work of a good, sensible Pepper-tree, and not spend any of your time or strength trying to make a rain-cloud of yourself. People will admire you as a pepper-tree, but you will never gain a friend by any attempts you may make at rain-cloud work. That is not your job."

It wasn't much of a sermon that I gave that pepper-tree the other day, but I think there's a sermon in it; and perhaps the Scripture for it will be found somewhere in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians.

In the mists that drape the mountains; in the fine, fresh floor-coverings that Mother Nature is putting down everywhere; in the elusive odors distilled by the rain from punkent plants; in the wild dash down the mountain-side, and in the cheery patter on the house-roof, material for rain-sermons accumulates fast on these gray, sodden days. As Miss L. M. Montgomery puts it:

"The friendly rain
Sings many a haunting strain,
Now of gladness and now of dole,
Anon of the glamour and the dream
That ever seem
To wait on a pilgrim soul;
Yea, we can hear
The grief of an elder year,
And laughter half-forgotten and dear;
In the wind and the rain we find
Fellowship meet for each change of mood or mind."

La Canada, Calif.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

Robert Whitaker.

Editor of The Pacific:

My attention has just been called to the editorial in your issue for January 18th, concerning the Los Gatos situation. Although I have not thought it either wise or necessary to answer the thousand and one things which have been written and said more or less publicly about this matter, the kindness of your utterance and the fact that I have considerable acquaintance among the Congregational churches and people of California, together with the questions of general interest involved, seem to me to merit a few words.

First of all, then, let me say that the real issue at Los Gatos is not a matter of my Socialistic views, which I have held for eleven years with no effort to conceal them. It was as to these views, and not as to matters of theology, that I remarked incidentally that my convictions were not essentially different from those of Dr. Rauschenbusch, although I have no desire to hide behind his name or that of anyone else. Neither is the issue primarily theological, though I frankly confess that I hold the modern view as to questions of Biblical criticism. This also the church knew when I was called. Nor is the issue personal, inasmuch as, apart from the momentary asperities which are almost inseparable from strife, there has been constant personal good feeling between myself and the opposition in the main.

The real issue is the question of congregational government, and the independence of the individual church. Whether I am right or wrong the majority of our church have continued to support me, and I have insisted that I should remain, on these only terms on which I could consent to remain, perfect frankness as to my views, and a progressive teaching. The minority have insisted that I should resign. When they could not force their will on the majority, without any attempt whatever to talk matters over with me personally, or any appeal to the church itself, they sought surreptitiously to invoke against me the authority of our association, or of a council, and force the church to dismiss me on pain of being itself read out of the denomination. This is the issue, and the talk about Socialism and theological matters is, generally speaking, dust to blind the public as to the facts in the case. Not one of the opposition has ever asked me for personal conference about any teaching, nor have they ever either individually or collectively been willing to simply talk things over with the church.

The real issue, therefore, is whether a church which professes to be governed by the congregation, and to be a self-governing body through majority rule, has a right to determine for itself the reasonable limits of pulpit teaching, or whether a minority may invoke outside interference to force the majority to accept its will.

As to this fundamental issue a good deal of light is thrown upon the situation here when the fact is taken into account that this church has had eleven pastors in twenty-five years. All of them until I came have had the reputation of being entirely orthodox. One of the early pastors, who has served our denomination with distinguished success ever since leaving here, but has ever since refused a pastorate, writing me lately said: "It would be curious if you were to be the fourth man the Los Gatos church has forced out of the pastorate, the ministry or the denomination." Many of those who have led the opposition against me have been in the minority before. Hitherto the minister has gone. I am still here.

One remark more. The quotation concerning conversion, though credited to me, was not taken from any utterance of mine. The words, "The only conversion worth while today is the conversion of the individual to the solution of the social problem." were part of an article which I published in my little magazine, The Insurgent. The writer is a Presbyterian minister, resident in New Jersey. The connection, and other sayings of his modify his confession at this point. Personally I am not anxious to disclaim his words, although I would prefer to say that the conversion the modern world needs is a real conversion to all the height and depth and length and breadth of the gospel of Christ. I do not greatly sympathize with the type of conversion which makes even the saving of one's soul the prominent motive of life. Real conversion must have in it something of social passion. I would readily grant that it must mean more, however, than merely interest in social issues. Conversion, I take it, is getting out of self-centeredness into God, getting out of the time motive into the eternal, getting out of the lower self and into the higher self, getting out of world standards and into the mind of Christ. This is not offered as a formal definition, but only as a suggestion of the largeness of its meaning to me.

I want to thank you for your kindly spirit. This is in many ways more than a local and denominational matter,

We are working out an interesting experiment here, for which reason I am remaining, and expect to remain. I can no longer consent to the divorce between the teaching which our best seminaries and Bible schools are giving ministers, and the message which ministers are giving the people. I have read carefully these many years, with a simple, open mind, and am reading the best modern scholarship has to say about the Scriptures and about social issues. I have told my people frankly these things. My insistent message has been, not agreement with me or with this or that authority, but simple open-mindedness, and a willingness to allow every member of the church the fullest liberty to settle these issues each for himself. Half our pulpits are hiding half they believe. I know whereof I speak for I have talked with many of many denominations. This is neither good for the ministry, nor good for the churches. Better division than deception. An honest pulpit is the noblest work of the church. There are too many ministers who are afraid to look the Bible in the face today and ask for simple facts, and there are too many churches which will not suffer him to say what he sees if he does pluck up courage to do his part, and there are too many religious papers which are apologizing for these things.

Los Gatos, Jan. 28, 1911.

MISSIONS ALL THE TIME.

An Article by a California Pastor.

The proposition to metamorphose the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational Church of Longmont into a Mision Study Class, and still retain the distinctive features of the former, while adopting the aims and methods of the latter, seemed to many of the supporters of that church activity as paradoxical and fatuous an experiment as the grafting of an orange onto a fig tree, and the getting any kind of an edible fruit in consequence. Objectors were of two classes: first, and most outspoken, were the "alumni, who looked back upon the palmy days of their Christian Endeavor affiliations, and, glorifying the past, considered any "tinkering" with the society as something almost sacrilegious. These tried to smother the project from reasons of sentiment. Second, and more numerous, were the rank and file of the church, who deplored what they called "the forsaking of the devotional for the merely intellectual."

To make the new venture a success, it was needful to conciliate and convince both parties. This was the burden which lay upon the heart of John Tyler, the President, as he rose to open the first meeting under the new regime. Having voted to seriously attempt this morphological change, the society had turned out in full force, and the initial gathering was full of promise, from the point of numbers, at least.

It was exactly six-thirty Sunday night. No change had been made in the hour of meeting. Sixty minutes lay at the disposal of the Mission Study class each week, as it did formerly for the Christian Endeavor devotional gathering. A hymn was sung and a prayer offered. Then, in alternation, the leader and audience read Isaiah 49:5-13. A quiet five minutes of silent and sentence prayers followed, concluded by one stanza of a hymn of consecration. Then John rose.

"We are undertaking a task which calls for as much wisdom, enthusiasm, and patient application as we all collectively possess, and then some more," was the striking way in which he began. "At the outset I want to say, that if this Mission study class forgets the earnest spirit of loyalty to Christ and the Church, which has been our motto under the Christian Endeavor form of administration, we should abandon the plan instantly. If prayer, Christian zeal, loving fellowship and earnest conference together upon religious truths are to be superceded by a mechanical and formal studying of facts about China, I, for one, am no friend of this enterprise. But let me say that I regard this Mission study class as involving and enriching the same great qualities of Christian Endeavor which bind the world of Young People together. The movement has its inception in prayer, its development in consecrated labor, and its consummation in the most comprehensive evangelistic truth possible. We shall therefore open each meeting with fifteen minutes devoted to worship and praise. This period must be the choicest and most precious of the entire hour. We should be here promptly, that not one moment of inspiration be lost. With hymn, scripture, the silent and the uttered prayer, we shall conserve all that we had under the old order. And in the remaining forty-five minutes we shall enjoy the freest and most spontaneous conference upon the most imperative theme known to Christendom—the evangelization of the world. To talk helpfully with one another on this theme, we must be informed of conditions, past efforts, present needs and future possibilities. That is why we shall study this text-book, 'The Uplift of China.' Just a word about our committees. Shall we disband them? Of course not. Our prayer-meeting committee will appoint the leaders, with the assigned pages for each meeting, discuss with these leaders the best ways of conducting the meetings and in general have the same supervision over the Sunday evening hour that the committee has always had. The Social committee will have its work just as close at hand as it used to. The same is true of the Decoration and Christian Literature committee. And as for the Missionary committee—why the entire society will become members of that, like a Committee of the Whole!"

A general smile and some vigorous nods of the head of the former chairman of that rather slighted committee greeted this announcement, and John continued:

"You may ask about the Pledge and the monthly consecration meeting. Let us read our pledge through, if we do not know it by heart, and see what changes, if any, it will suffer." Turning to the wall at his side, John led the society in unison, while they repeated the words of that pledge, made precious to so many thousands by reason of its simple, direct and consecrating words. When all finished there was a pause. Then a voice asked, "What about that last phrase," regarding the Consecration meeting?" For answer came the quiet, earnest reply of one who had labored long within the society for the kindling of the fire of evangelism, "Is not each meeting a consecration meeting?" "Yes," gently answered another, "and all our opening prayers and hymns and scripture verses should reflect that purpose, should they not?" "Our pledge is ours, you see," concluded John, smiling. "We are for Christ and the Church, for loyal support of our local work and for helping propagate that life we call Christian to the remotest places in the earth. I do not anticipate aught but the richest spiritual blessing from this fellowship of research and mutual inspiration. Let us turn now to the first chapter in our book, 'A General View of China,'" and with these words the new enterprise was launched.

A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

In August of 1910, the beginning of the present school term, the enrollment of the University of California showed 3406 students. Of this number 1300 were women, 30 more than ever registered before. Now the question is, why are they there? Are these young people drawn from every city and town of this state simply that they may be crammed full of knowledge and sent back, or did their parents design that they be made good and efficient citizens,—that they obtain not only an education, but that they obtain that passion for truth, that devotion to duty without which an education is an empty shell, if not a loaded shell, full of menace.

How is this spiritual training to be obtained in a state university where religion is, of necessity, regarded as almost non-existent? Not only is there no provision for religious training; there is no course, except free electives in philosophy and education, which can in any way be construed as a course in moral training. Consequently there is a lack in nearly every form of state education which constitutes an acknowledged problem among educators.

It is this lack which the Young Women's Christian Association undertakes to fill among the women students. The Christian Association is the only form of religious activity except the Newman Club, a Catholic organization, and the Christian Science Club. It is not a struggling, anemic organization by any means, but one supported by the most representative women in the University. Its past is one of proud achievement, and the present and future are filled with big opportunity. The investigation of conditions in student boarding houses which resulted in University supervision, was undertaken first, not by a salaried officer of the University, but by Miss Mary Bentley, the secretary employed by the student Y. W. C. A.

Last year, recognizing that the work justified larger quarters, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., together, undertook the remodelling of Stiles Hall, the Christian Association headquarters. The whole piece of work cost $6,500, of which $3,500 was raised from the student body, one of the most significant facts being that a generous proportion of the fund came from men and women who were not members of the Association, but whose recognition of its good work took this form of help with the rebuilding.

Now in these new quarters we are carrying on our old work. There are Bible and Mission study classes, led by the best available teachers in the faculty and the surrounding ministry. Three mornings a week there are chapel services, the only thing of the kind on the campus, and continually throughout the year there are banquets and entertainments which supply a wholesome and much cherished social life to these girls, so many of whom are away from home.

The support of this work, including the salary of the secretary, whose work is of value to the whole University, as the instance cited shows, costs annually about $2,000. Of this $750 comes from an endowment fund and pledges raised by the advisory board, $400 is given by the students in pledges and dues, and about $850 must be raised annually by subscription. And because we know that our work is of such a kind as to benefit the entire state, we dare appeal, without apology, for help from Congregational churches not directly connected with the bay region. Not only does the student Association supply a Christian influence during the college years,—it turns out annually the sort of workers without whom the most energetic forms of Christian activity must die. As I write now, there are University of California girls, trained in this Association, doing Christ's work in Japan, India and France, besides countless hosts of others in this country, who, in churches and city settlement work, or as teachers, are working out the ideals which they came to cherish, many of them for the first time, during their college years.

We leave it to you to decide whether the people of California regard such work as this as worth while. If you, as churches or individuals, do, we ask for your cooperation, with financial assistance, in your prayers, and by urging your sons and daughters to lend their loyal support to Christian Association work when they come to college.

Address any questions or communications to Miss Erma B. Lee, Stiles Hall, Berkeley, California.

MARTHA A. CHICKERING, 1910

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Jonathan Edwards.

Every move toward Christian unity has my hearty approval, but I abhor mere pretensions in that direction. After twenty-five years of extensive observation of the methods and spirit of the denomination variously designating itself as "Christian," "Church of Christ," "Disciples," and by others as "Campbellites," on the Pacific coast, I am unable to take seriously anything that comes from that source on Christian unity. With all their preaching and profession, the fruits of their efforts as witnessed by me, cannot be deemed promotive of the unity of believers, but rather discord. I am quite confident that this is the conviction of a large number of ministers of other denominations than my own. They are forever haranguing against sectarianism, and refer with contempt to what they call "sects," and yet are the strictest of sects; they denounce distinctive names, and yet are sticklers on name; they cry aloud against creeds, and yet are among the most creed-bound of all Christians, and as to proselyting, they will "compass land and sea to make one proselyte." I can testify, after listening to them, that among their national, state and district evangelists, are the narrowest, most bigoted and intolerant that I have ever known, outside the Mormons. Wherever they go the result of their evangelists is to divide rather than unite Christian people. The only basis of union they offer is —come with us. They have done very little pioneer work in this state, but after other churches are established they go in and spare no pains to build their own at the expense of others. Some 15 years ago representatives of our association appeared before their convention requesting them to appoint a committee on denominational comity, for the prevention of the undue multiplicity of churches depending on missionary aid. The state home missionary superintendent practically ridiculed the idea as utterly inconsistent for them to do, for it would place them on a level with the "sects." He carried the whole convention with him. I have heard one who was advertised as a national evangelist, and who boasted of having to his credit 10,000 converts, holding half a dozen denominations by name to ridicule for half an hour. I saw the same man's name as prominent in their national convention. I have heard more than one evangelist declare that immersion is essential to salva-

tion. Only a few nights ago, one of them working under the auspices of the Home Missionary society, declared that the Congregational and the Methodist Episcopal denominations had the mark of the beast on them and were fast decaying, because they were not founded on the New Testament.

It was well said by one who knew them well that the only union they believed in was that of the lion and the lamb. The last evangelist referred to told me that their denomination had 3,000 pastorless churches, and, in this region, covering three or four counties, there are a score of such, and about ten church buildings abandoned, and yet, he with two helpers, spent four weeks in a town of less than 1,000 population, with four Protestant churches already, doing his level best to establish their church in the town. I could write more in the same direction. In the light of such facts, do you wonder that some of us on the frontier, just smile when such people preach or write on Christian unity?

Sprague, Wash.

THE RAIN.

Oh, gray and tender is the rain,
That drips, drips on the pane.
A hundred things come in the door,
The scent of herbs, the thought of yore.

I see the pool out in the grass,
A bit of broken glass;
The red flags running wet and straight
Down to the little flapping gate.

Lombardy poplars tall and three,
Across the road I see;
There is no loveliness so plain
As a tall poplar in the rain.

But oh, the hundred things and more,
That come in at the door—
The smack of mint, old joy, old pain,
Caught in the gray and tender rain.

—Lizette Woolworth Reese.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Church Extension society will be held at the Mission Congregational church, 19th and Dolores Sts., on Thursday evening, Feb. 23. This will afford an opportunity of seeing one of our most commodious churches, and enjoying its fellowship. Dinner will be served six o'clock. Messrs. Boardman, Ham, Marcus and Ruthrauff are the committe of arrangements.

Each church in San Francisco, Mill Valley and San Rafael is entitled to representation by pastor and delegates. A large attendance is looked for.

The society has fulfilled its pledge to Sunset church, of contributing $700 toward the payment of mortgage on the new corner lot to which the church has been removed. In the interest of Mayflower church, the society is asked to accept title to the property left in trust by Deacon Smith some years ago.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Calexico.—The Rev. T. M. Buley, recently from Louisiana, has taken the pastorate at Calexico.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—One person united with the church by letter at the February communion service.

Berkeley, First.—The Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose will occupy the pulpit next Sunday in exchange with Mr. Miles.

Los Angeles, West End.—This church rejoices in the coming to it from Clayton of the Rev. Harold Hartshorn, of last year's graduating class Pacific Theological Seminary.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—There has been considerable increase in attendance and general interest of late. Sixteen persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion service, eight uniting on confession.

San Mateo.— Reports at the recent annual meeting showed that approximately $2,300 had been raised and expended for current expenses and $200 for benevolences. This was an average of nearly $30 per resident member.

Escondido.—The Rev. T. D. McLean of Plymouth, Massachusetts, has been called to Escondido as successor to the Rev. R. B. Larkin, who resigned a few months ago to enter on the work of missionary superintendent of the Southern California Conference.

San Francisco, First.—Beginning next Sunday the Rev. Dr. Aked of New York will occupy the pulpit for three Sundays. Dr. Aked is recognized as one of the great preachers of the world. This being his first visit to the Pacific Coast he will undoubtedly draw a large attendance.

Kern County.—The work in Kern county being such as to demand a general missionary, the Rev. Howard Gibbons of Key West, Florida, has accepted a call to that position. The Southern California Conference realizes that no penny-wise program will succeed in Kern county, or anywhere else these days, and is aiming at a liberal policy and strong leadership in the very beginning.

Petaluma.—The work at Petaluma is going on encouragingly under the leadership of the Mr. E. B. Hart, who accepted the call to the pastorate a few weeks ago. Mr. Hart finished the course of study at Pacific Theological Seminary in December and will receive therefrom a diploma at the commencement time in May. Such was his standing in the Seminary that he was recommended by the faculty for the Petaluma work and received from the church a hearty and unanimous call.

Porterville.—The people of Porterville are rejoicing over the action of the Congregational Church Building Society in that the helping hand has been extended to the amount of $10,000. This, added to what has been pledged on the field, saves to California Congregationalism a valuable church plant, which was in serious danger of being lost because of some mistakes when the new building was put up a few years ago. It was beyond the ability of the people to carry, and burdened with unforeseen debt they turned to the Building Society and with the influence of the Northern California Conference back of them the needed aid was secured.

Oakland, First.—At the Bible Class lecture by Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary last Sunday there were 197 persons in attendance. The series on "How the Old Testament Originated" will be finished in three more Sundays. Then there will be six lectures on "Hebrew Theories of Divine Retribution."—The report of the clerk at the recent annual meeting showed that 252 members had been received during 1910, and that 152 of this number entered on confession, 99 from the Sunday school. Next Sunday the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Arthur Briggs, a retired Methodist minister; and the following Sunday by the Rev. E. MacLellan, pastor of the Congregational Church at Chula Vista, near San Diego.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. C. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave. Seattle.

Lyle.—Rev. L. A. Sullivan has entered upon the pastoarate, the field has been separated from Cliffs and Mr. Salstrom will preach also at a new point, Klickitat Heights, about twelve miles away. The two fields will be practically self-supporting from the start.

Glenwood.—Improvements have been made about the property, a fence and commodious sheds having been built. Six have recently united with the church, the congregations have grown and everything is prosperous under the faithful ministrations of Rev. Frank McConaughy.

South Bend.—Extensive repairs and remodelling are contemplated, a considerable sum is on hand and the work will commence soon. Since Rev. B. F. Case came to South Bend the work has developed along substantial lines. The members are more interested in the work and the church has a high standing in the community owing largely to the character and ability of its pastor.

Underwood.—This is a church of earnest Christian people who are in the midst of home building in a fruit region. Income will be small till the trees bear, but the people are building up a church home at much sacrifice. When the early years of struggle are over there promises to be a strong country church here. Many of the members were Congregationalists in the east. A building will soon be erected. Rev. H. C. Londen is pastor here and at Stevenson.

Cathlamet.—Under Rev. W. W. Head this church has made considerable progress, the attendance has increased some, especially in the evening, when there are sometimes over a hundred out. Current expenses are promptly met and it is expected the benevolences will be up to the apportionments. The grounds around the church and parsonage have been cleared of brush, a new foundation placed under the church in such a way as to permit the building of a large social room in the future and the parsonage has been painted.

Tacoma, Pilgrim.—Larger attendance is noted at church services, Sunday school and prayer meetings; additions to the membership are frequent and active efforts are being made to secure funds for the purchase of a site for a permanent building, nearly $1,000 had been pledged January 1st. This will buy the lots and leave a margin for assessments. The first public supper ever given by the church was attended by about one hundred people and was a social and financial success. The Christmas entertainment overtaxed the capacity of the building and was a very interesting affair. Rev. Edgar C. Wheeler is pastor.

Carrollton.—Most encouraging reports come from here, the Sunday school under able teachers, keeps up well, the Ladies' Aid society has raised $100 for the new building and has assumed $100 more, the Y. P. S. C. E. is composed of earnest workers and conducts the evening service when Rev. J. L. Hershner is not there. Mr. Hershner as joint missionary of the W. H. M. S. and the C. S. S. & P. S., gives much of his time to this field, but the work will soon be where it can have a pastor jointly with a near-by point, probably Cliffs. The concrete work on the building is completed and lumber is on the ground for the superstructure, and work will progress as rapidly as runds will permit.

Tacoma, Alkali.—A Castle of the Knights of King Arthur has recently been instituted, the first members being initiated at the Castle in Plymouth church, Tacoma. There are now fourteen enthusiastic members, and more are expected to join. The Brotherhood is flourishing and never misses a meeting. This part of the city was visited by a severe epidemic of diphtheria and together with removals in the teaching force, caused a temporary falling off in the Sunday school; but now it has regained its normal numbers and with new teachers promises to be even more prosperous. Rev. O. L. Fowler has resigned after twenty-five years continuous service as a home missionary in Washington to become chairman of the Prohibition party in the state, an office which was offered him without his knowing he was even being considered. Mr. Fowler has had considerable experience in prohibition work in Kansas and Ohio.

PASTOR WISHES TO DISPOSE OF HOUSE PROPERTY IN CALIFORNIA AT A SACRIFICE.

I was pastor at Coalinga, Fresno county, California. I built two houses there. Having removed from California, I desire to sell houses at a sacrifice. The care of same interferes with my ministerial duties. The houses rent ror $40 per month. Will sacrifice houses for $2,300. Houses have been build only three years. Cash or half cash and terms. Coalinga is a city of 5,000 inhabitants. These houses are being sacrificed at prices asked. For particulars write Rev. A. D. Shaw,
Pastor First Congregational Church, Malden, Wash.

REGISTRAR'S NOTICE.

The Registrar desires to express through The Pacific the thanks of the Congregational Church in Northern California to the editors of the following newspapers, who have kindly given space for an account of our progress as a denomination. Most of the papers gave ten or twelve inches in prominent places: The San Francisco Call, the San Francisco Chronicle, the Benicia Herald, the Campbell Inter-urban Press, the Petaluma Daily Courier, the Santa Cruz Morning Sentinel, the Lodi Sentinel. Persons knowing of other papers which have printed matter for us, will confer a favor by notifying us of the fact.

Churches which publish weekly or occasional bulle-

tins will also confer a favor by placing us on their mailing list for same.

This office is collecting data, of features—ideas, methods, etc.—which have been used with success by the churches; and with the co-operation of the churches, will become a clearing house for same. Let us pass on our bright ideas! Either send them to us direct, or to the Pacific and we will clip them.

CHAS. C. CHAMPLIN,
Congregational Headquarters,
Mechanics Savings Bank Bldg, S. F.

A SILVER WEDDING.

In the beautiful home, erected on the campus of the Atlanta Theological Seminary during the year, by Maj. Ira H. Evans of Texas, the friends of President and Mrs. Hood gathered January 27th to share in the joy of the anniversary. They are in their sixth year of service in the Seminary in Atlanta. The number of resident students has quadrupled in that time and now total fifty-three. At the close of the repast shared by the Trustees and their wives and the Professors and their wives, congratulations were presented with beautiful gifts in addresses by the president of the Board, the secretary of the faculty, and the president of the student body.

The Home.

GOD KEEP MY CHILD!

God keep my child! The hour has some;
Thou goest forth from friends and home,
While life and love and hope are new—
And all seems bright that meets the view,—
God keep my child!

God keep my child! The world is wide;
I may not hold thee at my side.
But strong as angel guards shall be
The earnest prayers that follow thee,—
God keep my child!

A father's eye, a mother's hand,
They cannot reach the stranger land;
But One is ever present there,
I give my treasure to His care, —
God keep my child!

—From the German of Karl Gerok.

SOME COMMON ERRORS.

The fourteen mistakes of life, as Judge Rentoul recently told a London club are:

To expect to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold the dispositions of everybody alike

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowance for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible simply because we ourselves happen to be unable to perform it.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

YOU AND YOUR BOY.

What do you mean to your boy? What does your boy mean to you? Two big questions for any father or mother to ask and the first question is the bigger and more important of the two. But the answer to both is the same. The boy's meaning to you, your meaning to the boy, is just what you chose to make it.

For instance, suppose that you did not care very much about the boy in the first place. I do not mean that you did not love him, for maternal and paternal love of a kind may usually be taken for granted, though often the kind is very poor. But you were not especially interested in him. Perhaps he was not a very interesting child, naturally, or, perhaps, you like girls better than boys, anyhow, or, perhaps, you just did not understand him. The last state of affairs is rather common, I am afraid.

Of course, you took proper care of him. He had all he needed to eat, and plenty of comfortable clothes, and presents at Christmas and birthdays, and was sent to a good school, and possibly taken to church and Sunday-school. You did your duty by him, there is no doubt of that. Yet, somehow, he and you have never been on intimate terms. You found no special fault with him. He did all that could reasonably be expected from him in return for what you did for him. But you never understood him and it is altogether unlikely that he ever understood you. In other words, you meant little or nothing to one another.

There are plenty of parents and children who go through life in much this way and come out tolerably well in the end—that is, they seem to, but they do not. They miss a great slice of the best of life. They are like persons living within a few miles of one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery in the world or who have the chance to learn something which will broaden and enrich their whole lives and yet fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to see or learn either.

I am tremendously sorry for parents who mean little to their boys beyond purveyors of the necessities of life and whose boys are little or nothing more to them than just children for whose health and general well-being they are responsible. To my mind, one of the best and most beautiful things in the world is the friendship which may exist between a mother and a son and I have a well-founded theory that it may be a pretty nice thing between father and son, too. But like almost anything else in the world worth having, you must work for it.

Nursery little boys and nursery little girls are much alike in many things, and the overbearing manners and the rudeness which are generally considered a boy's birthright may be averted if you are careful from the outset to train him in habits of courtesy, consideration, and gentleness. It is after he begins going to school and mingling with other youngsters outside his home that the boy char-

acteristics begin to assert themselves. Here, if you are not watchful, may begin the first separation between you and the boy. Either one of two feelings may move you. You may not like the ways of dirty little boys—and most boys seem to have a congenital distaste for soap and water, and to think, on the whole, that dirt is preferable to the trouble of getting rid of it—or else you may feel that when a boy goes to school it makes a break between the mother and the boy and the boy and you may not make the effort to bridge the gap.

I admit that there is usually a place for the commencement of a rift. Whether it shall close or widen depends upon the mother. The boy feels his importance at going from home rule, and the innate sense of any man's superiority to any woman, which is cherished secretly and often unavowedly by the best of men, is swelling the youthful breast. If the mother is either irritated or openly amused by this attitude the tiny split between them is widened. The fatal word is spoken when the boy says to himself, "Mother doesn't understand!"

Matters would not be quite so bad if the child could be sure that father, at least, could understand. Unfortunately, there are many fathers who do not. Ofter the mother, who has never been a boy, comprehends better than the father. who has, but whose intuitions are less keen.

The boy is the exception who believes that fire burns before he has scorched his fingers, that nettle and thistles prick without first handling them. If you will only have patience with the youngsters while they are applying themselves to this branch of their education, a long step will be taken toward the mutual confidence which later will incline the boy to heed your warnings against more serious misdeeds.

So, in order to mean something to your boy, you must lay in a generous stock of patience and an almost, if not altogether, equal amount of sympathy. This is worth assuming if you are not able to own it. Possibly a father may really be able to share in the delight his boy feels in certain games and sports and "rough-house" performances, in which boys indulge, but if a mother shows an enthusiastic interest in the recital of such joys, ten to one she is pumping it up from the depths of a sport-indifferent, although boy-loving, heart. The effort may be difficult at first, but the reward comes not only in the companionship of the boy, but in the surprising fact that after awhile she will find her assumed interest becoming genuine.

I have never been one to feel that the best love was won from a child by extreme indulgence. In fact, I hold that the contrary is the rule. Observing the families of my contemporaries and predecessors, it is borne in upon me that the most indulged children have not been the most devoted to their fathers and mothers. On the contrary, having had the happiness to be associated with several households where strict obedience has always been demanded and received, I feel justified in declaring that the families where discipline is observed are those whose children are most affectionate. Be it noted that strictness does not mean harshness or severity. It does stand for reasonable rules, positively enforced, for commands which must be obeyed, and, above all, it should stand for justice.

Were I asked to put, in a word, the most desirable quality in dealing with boys, or with girls, either, for that matter, I would put justice first. It would not be a synonym for hardness, although this is a meaning often applied to it. It would mean obedience to orders and penalties when orders were disobeyed, but it would mean also an appreciation of the child's standpoint, an almost agoinzing care that he should not be punished without adequate cause, a rigid adherence to promise of reward as well as of rebuke, an understanding of what led to this or that course of action which, from an adult's viewpoint, may seem inexplicable.—The Circle.

THE "WHY" OF IT.

No wonder pins are often lost,
And give us so much bother;
They're headed one way, don't you see,
And pointed quite the other.

SPECIAL DELIVERY.

When she is kept home
From some big "bargain sale,"
She sends "hubby" and tells folks
She is shopping by "male."

POOR MARY.

'Twas "Mary had a little lamb,"
Not many years ago.
But now she has to vegetate,
So high the prices go.

PUZZLERS.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

No man's labor for good is vain.
Tho' he win not the crown, but the cross;
Every wish for man's good is gain,
Every doubt of man's gain is a loss.
—Owen Meredith.

And see how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps and saves us all;
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair.
—Celia Thaxter.

Where am I going to? Never mind;
Just follow the sign-board that says, "Be kind,"
And do the duty that nearest lies,
For that is the pathway to paradise.

Our Young People

HOLIDAYS.

"Tomorrow is a holiday,"
Cries John with shouts of laughter,
And all the other children shout
As they come trooping after.
"What will you do?" inquires mamma.
"What kind of celebration
Will best express your sentiments
On such a grand occasion?"

"Why, we shall do—just what it says—
The name, you know, that's given."
Mamma looks puzzled, and the boy,
At her obtuseness driven
Quite to impatience sternly cries,
"Well, I would give a dollar!
I s'posed you know that hollerdays
Were made for boys to holler!"

THE HEART OF THE PEARL.

A Parable.

Upon the sea shore it lay, a tiny grain of sand, and murmured to itself conplainingly, that in the order of creation it had been fashioned so insignificantly, while away off to the right rose a great mountain of rock that pierced the clouds with its majestic head. Our little sand-grain asked himself—though loud enough for the spiral shell who lay nearby to hear, "Why was not I made great and large like that mountain cliff that lifts itself so high above the sea?"

The little shell chided at this: "You should be contented with your lot. There is something for you to do, if nothing else than to lie quietly here to be washed by the waves. And is not your humble position a pleasant one? Does not the sea whisper its secrets to you and do not children love you and play with you? Surely you should not murmur."

And the little grain grew quiet. After all, his was a pleasant lot, and as long as he did not look at the majestic mountain he was content.

One day, as the tide came up and the wind was lashing the hitherto quiet surface of the sea to waves, our little grain of sand was snatched from his lowly setting and carried out to sea, where he sank and sank and sank.

"Mercy!" he exclaimed. 'How much rather would I have stayed on the beach than to fall donw such a watery depth!"

So strange did everything appear and so gloomy that he straightway sought an even more secluded place where, unnoticed, he might mourn his cruel fate. He had not sought far until he slipped gently through the slightly opened lids of a mollusk's shell. No sooner had he snugly housed himself therein than a strange process began to manifest itself upon his hitherto rough surface. There was slowly poured around our little friend a strange fluid which hardened slowly, forming a wonderful casement and charming in its quality. This casement grew each moment, becoming more perfect of form until, when his strange though charming prison was completed, he felt content to lie there forever—the center of such a marvelous gem.

But after many days he felt his home snatched ruthlessly from its moorings and carried far upwards until it lay, finally, among a heap of mollusks on the beach. A busy workman, with knife in hand, pried searchingly into each in turn, but with gradually increasing disappointment until he came to the home wherein our little grain of sand had been made so marvelously beautiful. With one thrust of the knife the precious jewel within was laid bare and instantly there shone upon the seeker's face a light of peaceful triumph.

"This shall be set within the king's crown," he exclaimed, as he held to the light the pearl of great price.

And the tiny grain of sand at its heart heard the king's servant and rejoiced exceedingly that he should be set within the great king's crown.

"What care I for the mountain cliff," he exclaimed, "I would rather live in the heart of a jewel and be a delight unto my master than from some great height to frown upon a world below."—Z.

WHEN TROUBLE TROUBLED EUNICE.

Eunice had opened up a dolls' outfitting establishment in the north end of the nursery, and the window certainly did look nice from the street, decorated as it was with all the very latest ideas in dolls' wearing apparel, from tiny crocheted slippers to elaborate street hats.

Brother Fred had made her some up-to-date wire stands to display her hats, and her three dolls served as models to exhibit her very newest gowns.

Eunice had a real taste for dressmaking, and her mother tried to encourage her in it. She was proud of the north nursery window and often brought her friends around to admire it. She tried to teach her little daughter to do her work thoroughly as well as tastily; but Eunice, like most other little girls, disliked basting seams and measuring hems—it seemed easier to do things "by guess," as Eunice put it.

"Always pin your patterns on carefully before you begin to cut," her mother cautioned her; "then baste all the pieces together and be sure they are right before you begin to sew."

But mamma, it's so much trouble! Things always do turn out right," said Eunice hopefully.

"The one time they do not will more than make up for the trouble it is to do things right from the beginning," her mother told her wisely. "You know there's an old saying that Lazy folks always take the most pains.' "

"There's another one, too, about never troubling till trouble troubles you," said Eunice. 'I always believe in doing things the easiest way as long as it's just as good."

"There is no way 'just as good' except the right way," her mother insisted. But Eunice thought that she knew best, and really it was surprising the way the little garments did fit.

All the girls brought their "scraps to the doll shop" to be worked up into pretty clothes. She had as many as a dozen dresses to make at a time, and orders for hats and opera capes and slippers. The girls all seemed pleased with the work and willingly paid the few cents Eunice charged.

Among the bits of cloth that were brought to Eunice's shop was a piece of lavender silk with a tiny heliotrope sprig. Olive Nelson had brought it to make her Ada Sue a waist, and all the girls had gone into raptures about it, especially Frances Ames, who had given her mother no peace

till she had gone to the store and bought a whole yard right off the piece to make Frances's Muriel Rose a party gown.

A whole yard seemed a great deal of silk, and Eunice felt very important indeed when Frances brought it to her. She was just cutting out Olive's dolly's waist that morning. It was to be made with a lace yoke and trimmed with heliotrope ribbon.

As usual Eunice was cutting it without a pattern, and this time she did not even trouble to take the doll's measurements, trusting entirely to her system of "guess." She was in a very great hurry, because she was so anxious to begin on that yard of silk, therefore she did not trouble to bast or try on, but began to sew at once.

It looked very pretty, and Eunice held it up to her mother proudly when she had it nearly done. Her mother admired it, but she shook her head doubtfully, for she had watched her little daughter at work and had disapproved of her methods.

Olive was coming for the waist that afternoon and was going to pay 2 cents for it. When Eunice took Ada Sue in her lap and tried it on the sleeves were much too small. In trying to squeeze them on she tore them both open at the seam. Tears of annoyance sprang to her eyes. There wasn't any way to fix them, either, for there wasn't a scrap of cloth left, and when they were sewed over again they would be much smaller than ever.

She looked at the waist hopelessly a moment, then she thought of the yard of silk. A yard was so much, surely it would do no harm to take off just a little—enough to make a pair of sleeves. There would still be a great plenty for Muriel Rose's party gown.

She got the scissors and cut them out, but when things start to go wrong they are likely to keep right on, and it turned out that way this time. One of the new pair of sleeves was wrong side out, and she had to try a third time. This made quite a big hole in the yard of silk, and she put it away with not a few misgivings.

Olive came and was pleased with the waist, and paid the 2 cents gladly, but somehow Eunice felt as if she had no right to the money.

She couldn't rest until she had begun to plan out the party dress, and as she feared, the cloth was going to be scant. She tried the pattern first one way and then another, but every way she turned it it seemed to lack just a pair and a half of sleeves. Finally she had it so it almost went and began to cut; but she had to scrimp each piece a little, and of course when she had it all basted up it would anywhere near go on Muriel Rose. She tried taking tiny seams, and the edges raveled terribly.

The more she twisted and turned the worse matters got, till finally Eunice was so tired and nervous she crumpled all the pieces into a roll and tucked them away out of sight.

She got her book and crept into the window seat and tried to read, but she couldn't. If she had only taken the right way in the first place and not been so afraid of a little trouble! She went over all the "ifs." If she hadn't been too lazy to hunt up a pattern for Ada Sue's waist the sleeves wouldn't have been too little, and she wouldn't have needed to take silk that she hadn't any right to; and if she wanted to take the right way now she would go and admit her fault to Frances, but she shrank from doing that. She still wanted to find an easier way than the right way, so she got her hat, and taking all the pennies from her bank, went out to see if she could find some more silk at the store.

She tried to remember what store Frances had said, but she couldn't so she tried them all. Of course she hadn't taken a sample—she felt sure that "by guess" would do just as well.

She was about to give up when she found a piece in a little store on Third street that seemed to be just the thing. She bought a quarter of a yard. She was tired and cross, and when she got home and found that it was not the same, but a horrid dull color that wouldn't match at all, she burst into a torrent of tears. She wept so bitterly that her mother came into the room frightened.

"Why, dear! wnat is the matter?"

But Eunice would not tell till she had wept it all out and felt better. Then she said, with her face still buried in her mother's lap, "This is the time when trouble troubled me, I guess, mamma."

The next day she went of her own accord and told Frances, which was the hardest thing in the world to do, for Eunice was proud and hated to admit her mistakes.

The two little girls put their heads together and contrived a way to fix the party gown by putting a lace panel down the front, and lace puffs in the sleeves. But Eunice had learned that it is never too much trouble to do things right from the beginning.—Maude Huey in The Continent.

SCHOOL IN 1950.

Teacher (to newly arrived pupil)—"Have you your vaccination certificate with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inocculated against croup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been vaccinated with the cholera bacillus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written certificate that you have been made immune from whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you promise never to use the sponge and slate-pencil of your neighbor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing that at least once every week all your books be thoroughly fumigated with sulphur and your clothes be disinfected with mercuric bichloride?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, as you possess all the necessary protective measures prescribed by our modern hygienic requirements you may mount over that wire enclosure and take yonder isolated aluminum seat and begin your lessons."—Ex.

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Miss Smart—True! Woman has been perfect from the first.

ALL HE CARED.

Ernest Pilgrim—Please send a large bunch of red roses to this address and charge it to me.

Clerk—Yes, sir, and your name?

Earnest Pilgrim—Oh, never mind the name, she'll understand.—Harvard Lampoon.

She—I have an instinctive feeling that I can trust you.

He (earnestly)—Ah, my darling, would that some others felt that way.

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